CUP 21 9.37/99 5.

THE

Earl of P——'s

SPEECH

TO THE

Houſe of Peers;

When the *Lords* were accuſed of High-Treaſon.

Copia Vera. Mich. Oldſworth, 164[illegible].

My Lords,

YOU know I ſeldom make Speeches; yet (my Lords) *Every thing would fain live*, and now I muſt either find a Tongue, or loſe my Head. I am accuſed for ſitting here when your Lordſhips fled to the Army: Alas, my Lords, I am an Old Man, I muſt ſit; you may ride or run any whither, but I am an Old Man. You Voted them Traitors who left the Houſe, and went to *York*; they told us then, they were forc'd away by Tumults: Do not you ſay ſo too? Were they Traitors for going, and am I a Traitor for ſtaying? 's Death, my Lords, what would you have me do? Hereafter I'le neither go nor ſtay. I have ſerved you ſeven Years; what have you given me, unleſs part of a Thankſgiving Dinner, for which you made me faſt once a Month? I was fed like a Prince at the King's Coſt, twice every day, long before ſome of you were born; and this King continu'd, nay, out did his Father in heaping Favours upon me, yet (for your ſakes) I Renounc'd my Maſter when he had moſt need of me, Voted againſt him, Swore againſt him, hired Men to fight againſt him; I confeſs I my ſelf never ſtruck at him, nor ſhot at him, but I pray'd for thoſe that did: I gave my Tenants their Leaſes Fine free, if they would riſe and reſiſt the King; and yet, my Lords, after all this muſt I be a Traitor? Have not I ſworn for you over and over again? You ſent me on your Errands to *Oxford*, to *Uxbridge*, to *Newcaſtle*, to *Holdenby*; you hurried me up and down as if I had been a King; you made me carry a world of Propoſitions; I brought them all ſafe and ſound; what you bid me ſay, I ſpake to a ſillabie; and had the King ask'd me how old I was, without your Commiſſion I ſhould not have told him; and yet, my Lords, I am an Old Man. Remember how i ſtuck to you againſt *Strafford* and *Canterbury*; ſome of you ſhrunk at *Strafford's* Tryal, ſo that your Names were like to be poſted for Malignants; and for *Canterbury*, many of you would have had him live? My Lord of *Northumberland* and others would have no hand in his Blood; but I gave you the *caſting Voice* that ſent him packing into another World, and yet now would you ſend me after him? Have I not ſat with you early and late? When the Parliament tumbl'd and toſs'd, and roll'd it ſelf on this ſide and on that ſide, ſtill I was for the Parliament: Tho' I ſtay'd here with Presbiterian Lords, yet when you return'd I was firm to you. All the other Lords left you in the Houſe, when Sir *Tho. Chaplin* gave Thanks for your Return: but I ſtay'd and pray'd with you, and am (for aught I know) as great an Independent as any of you all. I Rejoyc'd with you, Faſted, Sung Pſalms, Pray'd with you, and hereafter will run away with you: Nay, I had done it now; but who knew your minds? If you meant I ſhould follow you, why did you not wink upon me; think you I could run away by Inſtinct? My Lords, you know I love Dogs, and (tho' I ſay it) I thank God I have as good Dogs as any Man in *England*. Now, my Lords, if a Dog follow me when I do not call him, I bid him *be gone*; if I call him, and he comes not, then I beat him; but if I beat him for not coming, when I never call'd him, you'll think me mad. 's Death, my Lords, *'Tis a poor Dog is not worth the Whiſtling.*

But perhaps my Fault is not meer ſtaying here, but being Active in your Abſence; becauſe in my Robes and Collar of S S I brought up Mr. *Pelham*, the Commons new Speaker. Why, what if I did? Is not Mr. *Pelham* my own Couſin; would your Lordſhips have me uncivil to my Kindred? Why might not I entertain the new Speaker, as well as Sir *Robert Harley* entreat us to admit him? Mr. *Pelham* is none of Sir *Robert's* Couſin, and yet Sir *Robert* is an Old Man.

I hear, ſome ſay that I was forward to begin a new War; That my Hand is to all the Warrants for Liſting Men and Horſe, and in order thereunto I Voted His Majeſty ſhould come to *London*. 'Tis true, (my Lords) I did give my Vote for the King's coming hither; but wherefore was it? 'Twas only to chooſe a new Speaker. What, would ye have us dumb, and ſit here like Ferrets; my Lords, I love to hear Men ſpeak; and all the Lawyers told me, *No King, no Speaker*; That either the Commons muſt name their Speaker, and the King approve him; or the King name him, and the Commons approve him. *No King, no Speaker*: And ſo I was for the King, that is, for the Speaker.

Then (my Lords) obſerve the manner of his coming: The King was to come according to the *Covenant*; mark ye that. I was ſtill for my *Oaths*: Let him come when he will, if the *Covenant* fetch him, he had as good ſtay away: And yet Men cry ſhame on the *Covenant*; Thoſe that took it, caſt it up again; and thoſe that refuſe it, have given a world of Arguments that it is unreaſonable; which Reaſons our Aſſembly (like a Company of Raſcals) never yet anſwer'd. I know, my Lords, many of our Friends never took this Oath; but they refus'd it out of meer Conſcience: Shall Malignats Conſcience be as tender as ours? Why, what do they think our Conſciences are made of? But, my Lord, ſuppoſe this Oath be unreaſonable: Can we do nothing, but we muſt give Reaſon for't? This is as bad as the Houſe of Commons;

mons: who, when we deny to paſs any Ordinance, preſently ſend to know our Reaſons, tho' themſelves give no Reaſons, for demanding ours. And ſo Malignants would have *Reaſonable Oaths*; only here's the difference; the Houſe of Commons do uſe to demand Reaſons, tho' I hold the *Covenant* is exſtream reaſonable: for as ſome Malignants take it to ſave their *Eſtates*, ſo we give it to make them loſe their *Eſtates*; both love the *Eſtates* and both hate the *Covenant*. Thus, my Lords, we have Reaſon for this Oath, and your Lordſhips have no reaſon to make me a Traitor, while I give my Vote according to *Covenant*.

As for Signing Warrants to raiſe a new Army, I wonder you'll ſpeak of it. Have not you all done it a hundred times? How many Reams of Paper have we ſubſcrib'd to raiſe Forces for *King and Parliament*? 'Tis well known I can ſcarce write a word beſides my Name: Can't a Man write his own Name, without loſing his Head? If I muſt give Account for what I ſet my Hand to, *Lord have mercy upon me*. I ſee now my Grandfather was a wiſe Man, he could neither write nor read, and happy for me were I ſo too. Come, come, my Lords, be plain, and tell me, Do I look like one that would raiſe a new War? I muſt confeſs, I love a good Army, but if there be none till I raiſe it, *Soldiers of Fortune* may change there names. No, my Lords, 'twas not I, 'twas the *Eleven Members* would have raiſed a War. You ſee they were guilty, by their Running away: I neither ran with them, nor with you; I don't like this running away, I love to ſtay by it: And whither was for War, I that ſtay in Town, or you that went to an Army. The Devil a Horſe did I liſt, but in my new Coach, nor uſed any Harneſs, but my Collar of S S; and will you for this clap me in the Tower? You ſent me thither ſix Years ſince, but for handling a Standiſh, and now you'll commit me for writing my Name: What, my Lords, do you hate Learning? Can you not end nor begin a Parliament without ſending me to the the Tower? Do your Lordſhips mean to make me a Lord Mayor? If I needs muſt go, pray ſend me home to *Baynards Caſtle*, or *Durham Houſe*; A damnable Fire burnt my Houſe at *Wilton* juſt that hour I mov'd your Lordſhips to drive Malignants out of *London*. But why to the Tower? Am I Company for Lyons? Do you think me a Catamountain, fit to be ſhewn thro' a Grate for two Pence? No, my Lords, keep the Tower for Malignants, they can endure it; ſome of them have been Priſoners ſeven Years; they can feed upon bare Allegiance, pleaſe themſelves with Diſcourſes of Conſcience, of Honour, of a Righteous Cauſe, and I know not what, but what's this to me? How will theſe Maligants look upon me, Nay, how ſhall I look upon them? I confeſs ſome of them love my Son's Company; they ſay he's more a Gentleman and has Wit: 'sDeath my Lords muſt I turn Gentleman? I thought I had been a Peer of the Realm; and am I now a Gentleman? Let my Son keep his Wit, his poor Father never got two Pence by his Wit. Alas, my Lords, what hurt can I do you? Or what good will it do you to have my Head? I am but a Ward; my Lord *Say* hath diſpoſed of me this ſeven Years: I am no Lawyer, tho' the *Littletons* call me Couſin; I am no Scholar, tho' I have been their Chancellor; I am no Stateſman, tho' I was a Privy Councellor I know not what you mean by the *Three Eſtates*: Laſt *June* the Army demanded a Releaſe for *Lilburn*, *Muſgrove* and *Overton*; I thought they had been the three. I thank God I have a good Eſtate of my own, and I have the Eſtate of my Lord *Bayning*'s Children, and I have my Lord of *Carnarvan*'s Eſtate; theſe are my *Three Eſtates*, and yet, my Lords muſt I to the *Tower*? Conſider, we are but a few Lords Left; come let's love and be kind to one another: The Cavaliers quarrell'd among themſelves, beat one another, and loſt all; let us be wiſer, my Lords; for had we fallen into their Condition, my Conſcience tells me we had look'd moſt wofully.

I perceive, your Lordſhips think better of me; and you would quit me, if I were not charg'd by the *Agitators* and *General Council of the Army*. How, *Agitator*, 's death, what that? Who ever heard that word before? I underſtand *Claſſical*, *Provincial*, *Congregational*, *National*; but for *Agitator*, it may (for ought I know) be a Knave not worth three Pence. If *Agitators* cut Noblemens Throats, you'll find the Devil has been an *Agitator*. As for the *General Council*, I hate the name of it, 'tis old and naught, and uſed to be full of Biſhops: Thoſe Fellows have troubl'd us ever ſince the Apoſtles time; I thought we had made them poor enough, and is their Name come again to torment me? My Lords, I underſtand not theſe *General Councils*; theſe of old (they ſay) where Chriſtians, and theſe are *Independents*: What a damnable deal of *Generalling* is here? *General. Aſſembly General of the Army*; *General Council of the Army*; we never had a quiet hour ſince we had ſo many *Generals*. Well, my Lords, theſe are hard Times, and we make them worſe with hard Words, which neither we nor our Forefathers underſtood. Heretofore Biſhops went *Jure Divino*; then Elders would be *Jure Divino*; and now *Agitators* would be *Jure Divino*: (Dam me) I think nothing *Jure Divino* but God. Call you this a *Thorough Reformation*? My Lords, if theſe *tators* muſt Rule the Kingdom, why are not we our ſelves *Agitators*? Why my not I make *Oldſworth* an *Agitator*? His Abilities and Honeſty are equal to moſt of 'em? But, for ought I ſee, *Agitators* will ſooner be Earls of *Pembroke* and *Montgomery*, than *Agitators*. For the Parliament leads the People, the Army leads the Parliament, *Cromwell* leads Sir *Thomas Ireton*, and *Ireton* leads *Cromwell*; *Agitators* will lead *Ireton*; whither the Devil ſhall we all be led at laſt?

My Lords, you ſee I have ſpoke my mind: I hope every Week ſome of your Lordſhips will do the like, and the Commons in this (tho' in nothing elſe) will follow the Houſe of Peers.

But I have done I have done, my Lord; remember, I beſech you, that I am an Old Man: I have been a Granddfather time out of mind, (for I was ſo when this Parliament began) and now muſt I be food for *Agitators*? O my Lords, I have uſed the King ſo ill, and he lov'd me ſo well; and I have ſerv'd you ſo well, and you uſe me ſo ill, that no Man is ſorry for me. Therefore my Requeſt is, That you would not think of ſending me to the Tower, till ſome-body pitties me.

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